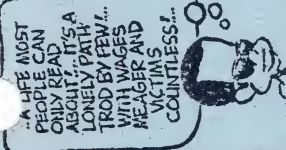
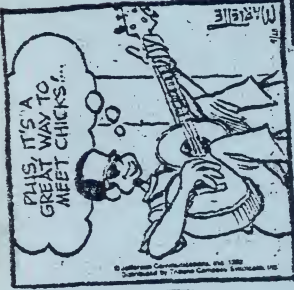


# APPART #17X

KUDZU



Like cool - daddyo!



KUDZU

KUDZU



KUDZU

4

th ANNIVERSARY BLUES - FEBRUARY 1983





# QWXb!! in 2Pa-filk

Gregory A. Baker, 87-50 125th Street, Richmond Hill, NY 11418

Mouse schivodsk,

This is a hastily-typed contribution heading for two songs which have been the total of my efforts this last month. I had a couple of others, but time and chance overcome us all, and I can't get them printed in time.

Lee, please forgive me for not putting the music for "I Must Have Done Wrong in my Previous Life." This was due to a0 I can't write music quickly; and b0 I have no space. Phone me and I'll sing the song to you.

By the way, both songs are open-ended; freely addaanything you want to the others.

Bob Lipton, you're wrong when I am assumed to have sexual connotations in "Three Sandinistas". I have sung "gay Sandinistas" and "stray Sandinistas" equally often. A song, even if it is on paper, is meant to be mutable.

Carthagio delendra est, *Greg.*

THE STAR WARS SECRET (To the tune of "The Sloop John B.")  
by Gregory Baker

While shooting Star Wars III,

George Lucas said unto me,

"Round up the cast and the crew- don't let them go home!

Silence we seek,

Don't let the plot leak!

Not even Starlog

should know where to seek!"

If Hamill starts to stay,  
Don't the the man go away,  
Feel free to take the jeep and haul in the Luke,  
He may be a star,  
But don't let him go far,  
Or else he'll tip off  
the press where we are!

If Solo runs into town,  
Fell free to bring the man down,  
A bolo for our Solo will certainly win!  
Don't let him talk,  
If so, then don't balk,  
Go bolo Solo and bring him back in!

If David Prowse wants drink,  
Then lead him next to the sink,  
The local hotel bars are filled with the fen!  
We love James Earl Jones,  
But he lacks the bones,  
To have the stature  
Implied by his tones.



I MUST HAVE DONE WRONG IN MY PREVIOUS LIFE, AND THAT'S WHY I ENDED UP HERE  
by Gregory Baker.

Everyone know's that your karma's a wheel and your karmic wheel endlessly spins;  
You might be a dog, or a cat, or a flea, depending on previos sins;  
Everyone knows, your karma's a wheel, but the thing that has led me to fear--  
What did I do in my previous life that meant that I ended up here?

CHORUS

I must have done wrong in my previous life and that 's why I ended up here;  
I must have done wrong in my previous life, cause that 's why I have you, my dear,  
Everyone knows, a karma's a wheel, but the thing that has led me to fear--  
What did I do in my previous life that meant that I ended up here?

My daughter said "Daddy, please give me some cash, so I can go purchase a car."  
I looked at the cost of insurance and gas and said "Girl, you're going too far."  
So now I'm a Bligh, or a Simon Legree, or one of those other great kraves,  
But Simon Legree had a thing over me-- at least he could sell off his slaves!

My car's in the shop- the valve had burnt out.  
My lamp shorted from a frayed wire.  
My freezer is dead (I punctured a coil)  
My toaster set breakfast on fire.  
I said to myself as I looked at the bills,  
"I wonder what next will go bust?"  
And then I sat down to enjoy some T.V.-  
I'll give you a guess if you must.

(These verses are a little more personal)  
They said, "Run a con, for Rich Kolker's gone, and someone must fill his position."  
I said I would try, but to my dismay, I also went for a commission.  
My officers said, "Unless you are dead, you'll have to stay here for the hell."  
My friends got the paludits and I got the bills,  
For three years I paid that hotel.

A friend came to me and said "Won't you write a tale for my new magazine?  
"And hurry it, please, for time's running short, and readers will find the tale keen."  
And so I did write, from morn into night. Next morning I found in the mail,  
The 'zine had run over, my story was cut. Where in my last life did I fail?  
(last verse at all times)  
The fault, dear Horatius, lies not in the stars, but often lies here in ourselves.  
And blaming on 'est troubles on past karmic guilt is like blaming goblins and elves.  
Our ghoulies or things that go bump in the night? I wonder what makes those things  
fear?  
And what did they do their previous lives that meant that they ended up here?





SING SPIEL

17th Stanza ---- Mark L. Blackman, 1745 East 18th  
for APA-Filk --- St. #4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229 /  
#17 / 4th Annish 212-336-3255 / Jan. 17, 1983

"Dead people got no reason to live," filksings Freff, and if we adopt Lee's "Filk the Middies" as the motto of the last Philcon, we can adopt that to remember this past weekend's. In contrast to noisy, drunken midshipmen, this Philcon shared the hotel with a convention of monument builders who were quiet as the grave; surrounded by tombstone exhibits, fans nicknamed it Deathcon. As by the time Marc Glasser arrived Saturday night, my throat had already given out, I only briefly passed ~~away~~ by his usually lively filksinging session.

New Year's Eve, I spent at the Bermuda Triangle concert at Folk City.

-&-&-&- THE MELODY LINGERS: Comments on APA-Filk #16 -&-&-&-&-&-&-&-&-

SING SPIEL #16: Andy Breckman fans may be interested to know that there is an older folksong "Railroad Bill" with a different tune ("Railroad Bill, Railroad Bill, / He never worked and he never will"); apparently he (to quote his song) "stole [more than just the] melody."

HEMIDEMISEMIQUAVER/Jordin Kare: Fred Kuhn (who has appeared in Anakreon and on whose show Baker, Glasser, Boardman and I have appeared) has plugged Off-Centaur (and Leslie Fish) on WBAI-fm.

ANAKREON/John Boardman: For the record, JP McClimans, 1781 Riverside Drive #2H, NY, NY 10034 is now OE of Pagan APA. // According to Fred, New Year's Eve BAI played a tape of some "Real Old Time Religion" verses. // And, speaking of that song:

## ***Thou shalt not sing so loud***

Pittsburgh (Combined Dispatches)—  
Churchgoer Mary Hoysan's off-key singing was such that her church leaders publicly excommunicated her two months ago.

But she ignored the ban and continued her sour singing and improper responses at the church, where she was baptized 59 years ago, her pastor said.

DISTRICT JUSTICE David Cercone promised to fine her for defiant trespass if she attends the church. The maximum fine is \$300.

...

[excerpted from  
Daily News,  
8/13/83]

That's what I  
call real old  
time religion!  
John, thank God  
you're an atheist!

[1/18/83]

STRUM UND DRANG/Lee Burwasser: To unmercifully remind, then: "My old man's a cotton-pickin' chicken-plucker..." // There was an ironic incident a few years ago of a university press plagiarizing a section of a work on plagiarism. // My junior high school song was to the tune of Finlandia ("O Andries Hudde, Hail our Alma Mater, / Upholding Freedom, Brotherhood and Truth...").

SHARE AND ENJOY/Marc Glasser: "Godzillionth" sounds like a lotta monsters! // Some more verses to be shot out of the "Gafiate" canon:

"Remember the Masquerade last year?  
You went as a purple giraffe.  
Just picture the half-naked slave girls  
And all that you'd miss if you GA-FI-ATE..."

"Consider girls backrubs you've given.  
I plead with you on their behalf.  
One thing cannot lead to another [wink wink],  
Your sex life will end if you GA-FI-ATE..."



MTA, ETC.

Back when the Kingston Trio sang "Get Charlie off the MTA," the acronym referred to the Boston transit system; today it's known as the MBTA (Mass. Bay Transit Authority) and the acronym has been adopted by NY's Metropolitan Transit Authority (or Rancid Atrocity). Last month the MTA gave us a scare by threatening to raise bus/subway fares from 75¢ to 90¢ or even \$1 (they didn't, ensuring that next year the fare will hit \$1), making the Tuli Kupferberg song below very relevant (and showing that John is not the only one who can reprint Kupferberg songs or articles from Night Call). The other song is mine, thought up while standing and staring through a D Train window while "parked" on the Manhattan Bridge; it seems to be an appropriate companion piece.

## This Train is Bound for Brooklyn

by Tuli Kupferberg

Tune: This Train is Bound for Glory

This train is bound for Brooklyn, this train  
This train is not good lookin, this train  
This train is bound for Brighton, if you want to go to Bay Ridge  
Well-you're not on the right one  
This train is bound for Brooklyn, this train.

This train has shopping bag ladies, this train.  
This train is hotter than Hades, this train  
This train has Krishnas beggin, you kids fightin.  
And old seats shreddin  
This train has wheels a-screechin, this train.

This train keeps payin interest, this train  
This train keeps flayin interest, this train  
This train keeps paying interest  
In whose interest is that interest?  
This train keeps spraying interest, this train.

This train has mashers mashin, this train  
This train has graffiti passion, this train  
This train has teen-age jokers,  
Shortened cars and reefer smokers-  
Well this train has some doors workin, this train.

This train is bound for Brooklyn, this train  
This train is not good lookin, this train  
This train is bound for Brighton, if you want to go to Bay Ridge  
Well-you're not on the right one  
This train is bound for Brooklyn, this train.

This train is bound for a dollar, this train  
This train is bound for a dollar, this train  
This train is bound for a dollar,  
Unless we all stand up and holler!

Spoken And even then  
This train is bound for a dollar, this train.

Spoken Free the New York Subways  
Free Fares  
Free The New York 8 Million!

### F TRAIN

[tune - "Freight Train" / Peter, Paul & Mary]

F Train, F Train, goin' to Queens,  
F Train, we're packed in like sardines.  
Don't know why this train I'm on  
But I wish that I were gone.

D Train, D Train, up to the Bronx,  
On the Bridge cars pass us and honk.  
They're movin' faster than we  
On this godforsaken D.

4 Train, 4 Train, down to Flatbush,  
At each stop they trample and push.  
They're as rude as they can be  
On the Flatbush I.R.T.

To Canarsie you take the L.  
Riding it is absolute hell.  
Don't know why these trains I'm on  
But I wish that they were gone.

(Memo to New Yorkers: the  
LL is now being called simply  
the L, the RR the R, QB Q.)

Happy 4th Anniversary -  
let's all take a bow.

1116

[Re this issue's comics collage  
cover, center illo is by Lowell  
Blackman ca. 1967.]

*Tuli Kupferberg used to go to Brooklyn College, and later sang with the Village  
Fugs. He authored 1001 Ways to Beat the Draft, and now works for the Soho Weekly  
News, when he feels like it.*

--from Night Call, Oct. 26, 1977



A P A - F I L K - 1 9 8 2

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

# 13 - FEBRUARY

ANAKREON #13 - John Boardman  
SOMETHING OF NOTE #13 - Robert Bryan Lipton  
SING&PIEL #13 - Mark L. Blackman  
FILKERS DO IT TIL DAWN v. 4, #1 - Harold Groot  
WAND'RING MISTRIAL I #1 - David Elving Schwarz  
STRUM UND DRANG v. 4, #1 - Lee Burwasser  
SONG OF THE SCOP #1 - Dana Hudes

# 14 - MAY

SING&PIEL #14 - Mark L. Blackman  
QWxb!! - Gregory A. Baker  
DR. ORBIT VS. THE TROUBLE CLEF #? - Charles A. Belov  
SOMETHING OF NOTE #14 - Robert Bryan Lipton  
WAND'RING MISTRIAL I #2 - David Elving Schwartz  
SHARE AND ENJOY #3 - Marc S. Glasser  
STRUM UND DRANG v. 4, #1 - Lee Burwasser  
FILKERS DO IT TIL DAWN v. 4, #2 - Harold Groot  
ANAKREON #14 - John Boardman  
THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM NEXT TIME #10 - //  
- Margaret Middleton

# 15 - AUGUST

SING&PIEL #15 - Mark L. Blackman  
HEMI DEMI SEMI QUAVER #s 9-10(?) - Jordin Kare  
STRUM UND DRANG v. 4, #3 - Lee Burwasser  
FILKERS DO IT TIL DAWN v. 4, #3 - Harold Groot  
WAND'RING MISTRIAL I #3 - David Elving Schwartz  
SOMETHING OF NOTE #15 - Robert Bryan Lipton  
ANAKREON #15 - John Boardman  
OURODH RILLIEUR #1 - Deirdre M. Murphy

# 16 - NOVEMBER

SING&PIEL #16 - Mark L. Blackman  
HEMIDEMISEMIQUAVER #11 - Jordin Kare  
ANAKREON #16 - John Boardman  
FILKERS DO IT TIL DAWN v. 4, #4 - Harold Groot  
STRUM UND DRANG v. 4, #4 - Lee Burwasser  
SHARE AND ENJOY #4 - Marc S. Glasser

SONG INDEX TO  
S T R U M    U N D    D R A N G  
VOLUME 4. (1982)

Verses by Lee Burwasser, unless otherwise indicated. [Tunes in square brackets.] Following title are volume and issue of SuD and distribution issue of APA-FILK.

Filk the Middies [Fight Fiercely, Harvard] IV,1 13  
lightbulb joke verses [Waltzing Matilda] IV,1 13  
Loose-tongued Falwell [One-eyed Reilly] IV,3 15  
RIF (by anon. & RHEney) [Battle Hymn] IV, 3 15  
Second Law in Action [12 Days of Xmas] IV,1 13  
Survival [Lemon Tree] IV, 3 15  
Torch Carol [Jeanette, Isabella] IV, 1 13  
(untitled) [Caolin Lon (Miner's Life)] IV, 2 14  
(untitled alliterative) [no tune] IV, 3 15  
Volodya's Rest [Moscow] IV, 4 16  
Well Fallen [Roll Me Over] IV, 3 15



# STRUM UND DRANG

Vol. V #1

SuD

Roodmas

Perpetrated by Lee Burwasser, 5409 Hamilton St #5, Hyattsville MD 20781.  
Aiding and abetting APA-FILK.

## T W A N G S

COVER (Blackman): Very good.

SINGSPIEL (Blackman): 1) What do you call an unusual tune? 2) The first line or so is usually close to the original but from there the good ones diverge. Songs that have only one or two words different--as opposed to following the same general scheme--don't last long. // I don't care what version they know, as long as they do know some version. It's a good idea to set down the 'aka's of a tune, if you know them.

HDSQ (Kare): Can you do up or get a report of that workshop? // It's called Self-Amortising Fandom.

SHARE/ENJOY (Glasser): "Real-time religion" seems to have finally clicked. I know a couple of people were groping for it last year. I prefer the alternate VAX verse, if you're counting.

That was a short distribution! Only six contribs: three of one sheet; two of two sheets; one of three sheets. Can we be running out? Surely not! We've gone four years, if we were going on backlogs we'd've run out long since.

SOMETHING OF NOTE (Lipton): Where is #16?

## F R A G M E N T

Some time ago, I had an idea--a couplet, to be exact. I knew it was the final couplet to a chorus, but the rest of the chorus, much less the verses, wouldn't come. It was to be an answer of sorts to the Dorsai songs, or rather to 'the Irregulars' and 'Space Settler'; it is, of course, to the same tune--Irish Washerwoman.

Then, in November, I saw EMPIRE STRIKES BACK. And I have the chorus and two and a half verses. Only one of the latter has any relevance to STRIKEOUT, but certainly it's a song the Princess should learn; it might help her get back to where she had her head during STAR WARS.

. . . . .

How could they all have got on-board to hide?

Well, perhaps thru the lock that he left open wide.

CHU: So here's to the strength, and the valor, and will,  
Of the greatest of soldiers who charged up the hill.  
There is no braver hero in all the star lanes:  
This laddy's got guts wher he oughta' have brains.

[continued]

Fragment (cont)

Ignition began, but the ship wouldn't start.

Now just who could have taken the drive pod apart?

Oh, it can't be the sweetheart who scored on the mug

While she picked up the housing and pulled out the plug!

CHO: So here's to the strength and the valor and will  
of the greatest of soldiers to charge up the hill.

There is no braver hero in all the star lanes:  
that laddy's got guts where he oughta' have brains

So he throws in the towel and the hand he was dealt,  
and he hides in a planetoid out in the belt.

He says, "Something is wrong-o about this here rock."

The atmosphere, maybe? without an air lock.

CHO

O L D M A S T E R

Wood, Clement, ed. The Complete rhyming dictionary and poet's craft book. Garden City, NY, Garden City Books, c1936. 605 p.

Contents.--The poet's craft book.--The dictionary of rhyming words.

Contents of the dictionary.--Monosyllables and words accented on the last syllable; masculine rhymes; single rhymes.--Words accented on the syllable before the last; penults; feminine rhymes; double rhymes.--Words accented on the third syllable from the end; antepenults; triple rhymes.

Contents of the craft book.--Poetry and versification.--The technique of versification: rhythm.--The technique of versification: rhyme.--Stanza patterns.--Divisions of poetry.--The French forms, light and humorous verse.--Poetry and technique.--The complete rhyming dictionary.

Somebody ought to revise and update this. Maybe I will, some year. It has much good advice and useful data, plus outdated examples and irrelevant technicalities. (To give you an idea, in Clement Wood's day, 'north' did not rime with 'forth'; he seems to have pronounced it 'nawrth'.) Update the examples, drop things like the Greek terms for metric patterns that have nothing to do with English poetry, put some other technical matters into appendices, and you'd have a useful up-to-date verse writing guide. Until then, Clement Wood's is a useful but mildly dated verse writing guide. If you haven't read it, do so.

Were I teaching a course or giving a lecture in verse writing, I would recommend Clement Wood as text, reader and reference tool. (I'd also recommend a vest-pocket rhyming dictionary, for when the complete one is an embarrassment of riches, but that's another matter.) I'd take the chapters in a different order, put in here and leave out there, but I don't know of a better text of its kind.



The craftbook is a hundred-page essay, mostly on versification. Parts of it are all too uncommon sense, parts are hideously intimidating. The section on rhythm is one of these, full of scansion diagrams and Greek terms, but common sense is there, too. Anyone writing for a modern AMERICAN audience--including folksingers and SCAdians--should read the craftbook.

Section one, "Poetry and versification," has a couple of good definitions of poetry, and some general advice mixed with some rather tedious descants on sincerity, inspiration and the like. Summed up: verse is good mnemonics, but easily fossilizes; learn the conventions before you try to break them; don't use second-hand figures.

Section two, on rhythm, has another good definition, but then gets off into those intimidating metric patterns. You can't skip it, but you can skim the definitions; you probably learned them in grade school, and you can forget them again after you've located what you need. Filkers should pay attention to the subsection on "Accent pattern instead of metric", since that's the effect of writing to specific tunes; your stress pattern, and the limits of variation in each measure, is set by the music. It makes more sense than his earlier discussion of substituting anapest for iamb and dactyl for trochee, and how the amphimacer is common in anapest patterns. The "Important classical terms for poetic devices" aren't important.

Section three, on rime, is the most important for beginners, but also the most dated. The subsection demonstrating that 'north' does not rime with 'forth' is merely confusing, until you realise that Wood pronounced it 'naurth'; remember, pronunciation changes over time. The subsections "Function and types of rhyme" and "Undesirable rhymes" are a useful collection of Do Nots: no inversions, no ungrammatical constructions, no archaisms (except for common SCAdian or Marklandic usage), no overworked or hackneyed rimes. The section includes very brief discussions of alliteration, assonance and consonance; little more than definitions with examples.

Sections four thru six are mostly a catalogue of verse patterns, with some technical advice thrown in. "Indentation" at the end of section four; "the Song" in section five; "Light verse in English" at the end of section six. "Song" is especially relevant to filking; particularly recommend the first paragraph, on singable sounds.

Section seven, "Poetry and technique", begins with another good list of Don'ts, this one concerned with vocabulary. "Poetry that speaks a dead language is dead from its birth; poetry that speaks a warped and distorted language is warped and distorted from its birth."

Section eight is essentially a guide for using the dictionary. Remember that pronunciation has changed since 1936, and allow for it.

#### WHOEVER HEARD OF . . . ?

Broadway Music Productions, Box 7438-DA, Sarasota FL 33578

Creative Music Productions, Box 1943-A12, Houston TX 77001

National Songwriters Guild, 2421 Walnut Rd., Pontiac MI 48057

. . . besides the Classified Dept of IASfm for Jan 83, that is. This is the total listing of the Songwriters categ-- excuse me, Songwriters class. The first two ask for poems as well as songs, which makes me wonder. Well, next time I have a couple of postcards to invest, I'll ask them and report back. I'm sure we're all just holding our breath.

SCENE I'D LOVE TO SEE  
Star Wars 5.5

[At the rebel base, camera focuses down corridor on two figures: one is LEIA, the other is played by Leslie Fish. The latter is playing some futuristic surrealistic instrument and singing a scurrilous song, rather on the order of "Fragment" earlier this; not in fact "Fragment", of course, since we're assuming that Leslie Fish is available to write something. Tune somewhere between "Swamp Gas" and "Trekkie Union", I guess.

[The princess is bubbling over with giggly appreciation as they turn a corner into the commissary. At one of the tables are HAN, LUKE, CHEWIE, and the base commander. The last named hands LEIA a drink while the SINGER finishes the instrumental wrapup. Then HAN passes the SINGER a mug.]

HAN [sourly]: Here.

LEIA [to SINGER]: Do I detect an ulterior motive?

SINGER: Now, someone fill the singer's cup,  
For when she drinks, she must shut up.

[SINGER drains the mug, finishes with it upside-down over her head. Imitates dragon breathing flame, hands mug back to HAN.]

SINGER: What is it?

HAN [refilling]: Dunno. I use it to clean the engine.

SINGER: You should use it on the hull corrosion.

LEIA [not bothering to hide a grin]: Perhaps something more suited to tender ears . . .

[ . . . and on into a song that gets the plot moving. I tried to write a nasty sort of double-entendre, but it didn't quite work--still here's what there is of it]

BASE CMDR: Did you say you were a [insert set of syllables]? You know the Jedi Cycle?

SINGER: No one knows all of it.

BASE CMDR: I guess not. [hesitates, glances at LUKE and quickly away] I once heard  
\_\_\_\_\_ 's Lament . . .

SINGER: I think I know which one you mean.

[This one is a fragment, too: missing the first verses. Since I was thinking of Leslie Fish, it will go to "Hope Eyre", but it shouldn't, if there's another tune it can match.]

For all our speed--and all our need--we still come just too late;  
And though we rallied from sun to sun,  
Yet his strength was only the strength of one,  
Alone in the face of Fate.

Shall we yet see tomorrow?

Time alone can tell.

Day must end, and so dear friend, farewell.

Time will make, and time will break, however close we seize.  
Our sons grow tall and take up our spears,  
But the making of men is the work of years  
That Fate never guarantees.

Shall we yet see [&c]

(continued)



Though men are slain, their sons remain, and friends to watch and ward.  
Seasons turn, and the years flow past:  
Boys grow into men at last,  
And raise up their fathers' swords.

Shall we yet see tomorrow?  
Time alone can tell.  
Day must end, and so dear friend, farewell.

[at which point LUKE is choking over the unintended irony, and the plot goes on from there]

Two things stand out at once, both perennial: too heavy for humor, and too allusive for anyone not in on everything from the beginning. I have written humorous verse that worked, but very seldom; it's not my normal style. Allusion is of course a necessity in verse, and the problem is to get it right, and in the right proportion. I'm working on it.

The near-repetition was an experiment that didn't work. I was trying for the style you find in the Anglo-Saxon poets, of describing things two or three separate times, each description emphasising a different aspect. In this case, I tried first to emphasize the father who will never see his son grow up, then the son who will grow up to take his father's place; keeping the imagery as close as possible, which was maybe the mistake. Or maybe the mistake was to try it with rimed stanzas at all.

(Speaking of Anglo-Saxons: I haven't succeeded in doing any more alliterative verse. I may have to wait til the lightning strikes again. Hope not.)

## KARL AVEROK

For those who haven't been around quite long enough to know it, I'm a heraldry buff, too. This is appropriate, since heralds were originally minstrels. And there is one surviving work that combines the two.

In 1300, Edward I besieged and captured Caerlaverock Castle. There survive two copies of a poem titled "Le Seige de Karlaverok". It is a roll of arms in verse. The poet describes the banners of the principal officers of Edward's army, and the arms of the men whose deeds he particularly noticed. (Not all of the latter were bannerets.)

Unfortunately, it's in French. I know of three translations, two done in the 19th century and one in the 20th. I've read most of the last (the library was missing the first installments) and one of the earlier ones. I suspect that the original is more interesting for its heraldic significance than its poetry.

I shall refrain from telling you all about the heraldic significance, which I imagine interests you about as much as my tax returns. On one thing, tho, I do want to give you the herald's slant. Modern heraldry is described in stereotyped, jargon-packed and very clumsy language; at the time of Karlavrok, it was described in conversational language, with only the mixture of technicalities (mostly artistic and architectural) that you'd expect in the vernacular of the court.

This is what made "Le Siege de Karlavrok" possible. Suppose I tried to make up a serious chronicle of the events in my "Herald and Minstrel" (was that last year, or the year before?) in alliterative verse. That way I don't have to fit descriptions into set number of lines. And suppose I wanted to include the arms of the people involved, and was able to get hold of the information.



First off, I'd need synonyms. The Karlavrok minstrel put in 'sable' or 'noir' as the rime and metre required. I, too, would have to have my pick of sable or black, or ebon or jet or pitch or coal or Stygian; however many I actually used, I'd need them all to choose from.

Second, and most unlike the Karlavrok herald, I'd have to be content with approximations. Back in 1300, a phrase or two was enough to describe most arms completely: gold with 3 red chevrons, barry silver and blue with a red band, red with 3 gold leopards. (Complications came from cadets making some small difference from their fathers' arms. A younger son puts a stripe across, his younger son puts eagles on the stripe, and so on.) SCAdian arms are modern arms: complex, with many different kinds of picture or geometric shape, and many significant details. Something that's blazoned "a lion rampant affronty wielding a flame sword in each forepaw with the sinister blade to chief and the dexter to base" would have to be rendered something like "a lion with flaming swords" in verse.

Well, if I'm not going to do it, then why am I talking about it?

Because filk often gets hung up on technicalities. And unlike the herald/minstrel of Karlavrok, filkers often get more hung up, the more they know about the technicalities in question. Sure, for something like "Para-diethyl-amino-benzaldehyde", the technicalities are part of the joke; pile 'em higher & deeper. But for narrative and descriptive verse, too much tech-speak gets in the way.

The trick is to have the right amount of techspeak, and mix it in the right way. If your library has a copy of CWScott-Giles' verse translation of "Siege of Caerlaverock" --or the first two volumes (1950s) of COAT OF ARMS, where it appeared in installments-- read it. Even if you don't care for heraldry, it's an example of taming techspeak to fit the verse.

COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE.

Hey, troops! I haven't seen one entry to my Dorsai song contest. Surely there must be some qualified candidates, at least of the first two categories. Surely.

The prize in Category One (Irregulars beating out the regulars, or vice versa) will be a bottle of whisky. At the rate I'm getting entries, Tully will be exporting to the US again by the time I award it, but I ain't promising. Whisky, brand as yet unknown.

OK, troops! Now, GO!

I said, Go!

Hey! I said--



# ANAKREON

#17, APA-Filk Mailing #17

1 February 1983

## ADAMS DON'T 'LOW...

This, of course, is to the tune of "Mamma Don't 'Low..." It refers to the computer games designed by Scott Adams, and available on almost every home computer system. Not for Adams are the joystick games from the arcades, which place a premium on fast reflexes and a limitless supply of quarters. Scott Adams designs role-playing games, which place a player in a milieu of haunted castles, dismal swamps, or abandoned research stations. The program then asks you what you want to do next, and when you tell it, it informs you of the consequences - which can range from discovering a pot of rubies, to being drained by a vampire. Other designers have tried games of this sort, and some did it well, but Scott Adams has achieved virtually legendary status among home computer buffs.

The original "Mamma Don't Low..." went from one instrument to another. A typical verse would begin by singing:

Momma don't 'low no guitar pickin' 'roun' here,  
Momma don't 'low no guitar pickin' 'roun' here,  
But I don't care what momma don't 'low,  
I'll play my guitar anyhow...

The musician would then trail off into a few chords on the guitar, while other people in the group would take up other verses by tootling their flutes, beating their drums, and so forth.

In this filksong, after each verse, the singer breaks the rhythm and speaks a few words, which are in parentheses:

Adams don't 'low no quicksand walkin' 'roun' here,  
Adams don't 'low no quicksand walkin' 'roun' here,  
But I don't care what Adams don't low,  
I'll cross that quicksand anyhow -

(Funny - I could see my knees just a minute ago -)

Adams don't 'low no flagpole sittin' 'roun' here,  
Adams don't 'low no flagpole sittin' 'roun' here,  
But I don't care what Adams don't 'low,  
I'll climb that flagpole anyhow -

(Almost there - hey, what's that splintering sound I hear...)

Adams don't 'low no dragon-kickin' 'roun' here,  
Adams don't 'low no dragon-kickin' 'roun' here,  
But I don't care what Adams don't 'low,  
I'll kick that dragon anyhow -

(Funny - all of a sudden it's got very dark and very damp...)

(continued on p. 7)



## YESTERFILK - III

"The Danes are stingier than the Italians. Spanish women indulge in illicit love affairs more readily than German women. All Latvians are thieves. All Bulgarians stink. Rumanians are braver than Frenchmen. Russians embezzle money.

"None of this is true - but you will see it in print during the next war." - Kurt Tucholsky (1890-1935)

The last two installment of Yesterfilk were overtly political. This one is political too, but in a sense both covert and acceptable. Covert, because the subject matter appears to be exclusively sexual. Acceptable, because it was filked in a nation allied to us, using as a basic tune the national anthem of an enemy nation.

The tunes of many national anthems are known in other nations, because it frequently happens that the tune of a national anthem comes in from abroad. The American national anthem is to the tune of an English drinking song, "To Anacreon in Heaven". The British national anthem is to the tune of a German drinking song, "Heil Dir im Siegekranz". The Dutch national anthem, one of the world's finest, is to the tune of an old hymn of the French Protestants. "The Internationale", which was the Soviet national anthem before the present one, was originally written in French also. "Ha-Tikvah", the Israeli national anthem, is approximately to the tune of Bedřich Smetana's "Vltava" ("Moldau" in German); Smetana was a Czech, and the story is that he was something of an anti-Semite.

But "Deutschland Über Alles", the German national anthem, was originally written in Austria, nearly 200 years ago, by none less than Franz Joseph Haydn. It was originally a song in praise of the contemporary Habsburg Kaiser Franz II, the great-great-great-grandfather of the present pro-ists, whose hearts' dearest desire was the exclusion of the Habsburgs from German affairs, and they gave it the title "Deutschland Über Alles". But it is also familiar in this country, since a Protestant hymn has this tune, and so do the alma mater hymns of Columbia University, the University of Pittsburgh, and several other institutions.

This means that Haydn's pompous tune is fairly well known. At some later time, probably during an actual or incipient war between Germany and Great Britain, some British music hall humorist got to work on Haydn's tune. The results appeared in Count Palmiro Vicarion's Book of Bawdy Ballads, allegedly assembled in 1956 by a pseudonymous writer for Maurice Girodias's Olympia Press in Paris. This slender paperback volume, which I bought at the Librairie Anglaise in Paris in 1959, contains a great many bawdy ballads, most from Great Britain, but a few obvious American imports. In addition to such classics as "Eskimo Nell", "The Bastard King of England", "The Great Plenipotentiary", and "The Great Farting Contest", it includes, to the tune of "Deutschland Über Alles":

## The Happy Family

Life presents a doleful picture,  
All around is murk and gloom:  
Father has an anal stricture  
Mother has a fallen womb.  
In a corner sits Jemima,  
Never laughs and rarely smiles;  
What a dismal occupation,  
Cracking ice for Father's piles.

Cousin James has been deported,  
For a homosexual crime:  
While the housemaid has aborted,  
For the twenty-second time.  
Bill the boy's no exception,  
For he's always having fits;  
Every time he laughs he vomits,  
Every time he farts - he shits.



Cousin Joe has won the Hackney  
Masturbation marathon,  
But has died of self-expression  
Since he buggered Uncle Tom.  
Bert the postman called this morning,  
Stuck his penis through the door,  
We could not, despite endearment,  
Get it out till half past four.

In a small brown paper parcel,  
Wrapped in a mysterious way,  
Is an imitation arsehole  
Granpaw uses twice a day.  
From the boghouse hear him yelling  
No one helps the ancient lout,  
For the plug is in his arsehole,  
And he cannot get it out.

If, during World War II, any citizen of the Allied nations filked a song to the tune of "Giovanezza" or "Kimigayo", I am unaware of the fact. I am unaware of the tunes, too.

#### GETTING CAUGHT UP

ANAKREON is a bulletin of filksinging which is published every three months and circulates through APA-Filk, under circumstances described under "The Ministry of Finance", elsewhere in this issue. It is published by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226. And, since the last issue of ANAKREON was devoted exclusively to songs of "That Real Old-Time Religion", this column will try to catch up on comments from and for the last two Mailings.

APA-Filk Cover #15 (Blackman): As in this example and the one on the present Mailing, there seems to be quite a few comic strips with music as one of the themes. Kudzu, however, was dropped by the New York Daily News early in January. The episodes about Maurice's musical ambitions were almost the only good ones. Muppets has also been dropped by the Daily News, though both Kudzu and Muppets still run in the Sunday color comics. Peanuts and Blondie run locally in the Daily News, and Crock in the Post.

Singspiel #15 (Blackman): Several times it has been protested in APA-Filk that certain tunes are "un-filk-able". I have had my doubts about filking Finlandia - which, to return to a subject taken up in Yesterfilk III, is also a national anthem. Can anyone think of other examples of national anthems being filked, either by citizens of that nation or foreigners? "The Internationale", once the Soviet national anthem, had its chorus filked by my college roommate Dick Fredericksen. Since the song is not overly familiar, the original chorus and the filked version appear here:

'Tis the final conflict!  
Let each stand in his place!  
The International Party  
Shall be the human race!

'Tis atomic warfare!  
Let each run to his place!  
The ones who run the farthest  
Shall be the human race!

In Philip Jose Farmer's novels The Lover and Moth and Rust (a/k/a the ridiculous title A Woman A Day), the religion founded by Isaac Sigmen is a wayward Judaism that calls its holy book "the Western Talmud". It rules a nation that covers most of the northern hemisphere, but is at daggers drawn with an Israeli state that includes most of the Mediterranean basin. (In World War III, the missiles aimed at Israel went astray.) These are almost the only s-f novels in which the post-blowup religion is a form of Judaism, even a heretical, hierarchial, and oppressive form.

This is

O At  
P Great  
E Intervals  
R This  
A Appears  
T To  
I Inflame  
O Optic  
N Nerves

Hemidemisemiquaver #9 (Kare): "You dine on Tully..."  
I don't get the reference.

I find it ironic that "The Queen of Air and Darkness" is sung by people who usually fail to get the point of Poul Anderson's story of the same name. The Queen and her rout are the bad guys!

# 1167



As for Very Olde English ballads - is there much of that around the usual filksinging party? Or has someone put together filk in Olde English? (Why not? Pound's poem "Winter is i-Cumen In" would be good, suitably set to music, at about this time of year.)

Strum & Drang V. IV, #3 (Burwasser): I experimented with writing in the fornythislaug meter once. I will not inflict them on anyone now. But it can be done in English, which for all its French and Latin imports, is at heart one of those crisp-sounding, rock-hard northern tongues where the consonants hold the language together.

(Chaucer once tried to put down this type of poetry, which of course was more common in the north of England. He once wrote, in a deprecating fashion, "I too can rhyme ram-ro-ruff like a northerner.")

During Korean War I, as I suppose we'll eventually have to call it, there were reports that the Chinese achieved their military successes by human wave attacks. This gave rise to the following verse, parody of a well-known World War I poem:

On Heartbreak Ridge the poppies grow  
Beneath the crosses, row on row,  
Until the Chinese soldiers come  
And make them into opium.  
And, having smoked, they shout with glee  
And chase our troops into the sea.  
How else could they, successful, fight  
Against our great industrial might?

As for whether "protest is dead", don't ask me - just look around you. The next step will be to ensure that protesters are dead. And that's why I'm not touching the current movement against nuclear weapons with an eleven-foot Ukrainian. (That, of course, is the next step after the famous "ten-foot Pole".) However, if I did attend, I doubt that I would hear any songs in memory of Norman Mayer. For that matter, does this movement have any songs at all, aside from retreads from the 1960s?

Filkers Do It 'Till Dawn (Groot): This is the first E. T. filksong I've seen. I am certain it won't be the last.

A Wand'ring Mistril I #3 (Schwartz): If some judge ever decides that a filksong is a 'derivative work' a whole can of worms will be opened. However, the courts currently seem to have their hands full on the 'fair use' issue as it applies to videotape.

("Okay, Mrs. Jones, I got a complete videotape of your husband and that showgirl in their motel room, thanks to that phoney painting on the wall. Now - should we produce it in court during your divorce case and get you a big property settlement, or do you think you could do better if I sold the rights to this porn film producer I know?")

Something of Note #15 (Lipton): About six months ago I also heard from Edith Fowke and Judith Merrill, on the topic of an anthology of filk-song. I sent them a few things and haven't heard from them since. There is a basic rule to the editor's trade, about keeping an open line of communication with contributors...

ANAKREON #15 (me): Only the first People's Songbook was published by Boni & Gaer, in 1948. By the time the second volume came out, a few years later, established publishers weren't touching that "red" stuff, and some little political press printed it.

Ourodh Rillieur #1 (Murphy - but Rittenhouse soon): Presumably "Memnisonian" is the language spoken in the Memison district of the Kingdom of Meszria, as described in Eric Rücker Eddison's Zimiamvian trilogy. Memnisonian seems to bear some resemblance to the private language in which Gordon Bok sings some of his songs.

Welcome to APA-Filk. Per your request, I combined yours and Jim's



postage accounts in APA-Filk and APA-Q. Someone noticed that I have listed your account as "Jim and Deirdre Rittenhouse", though you aren't yet married. However, I maintained that the establishment of a joint postage account for an amateur press association is the moral equivalent of marriage.

And thanks for the illustrations. The apa can do with a lot of them; they make blocks of verse and text easier on the eye.

There's a lot of SCAdian filk around, and I may run some through future Mailings if inspiration runs thin. Goddess knows, as my Pagan friends say, the SCA provides a number of occasions for it.

Tom Godwin was the author of "The Cold Equations". This story was a landmark in s-f when it first appeared about 25 years ago, and it has been deservedly anthologized many times since. I liked your filk of it.

APA-Filk Cover #16 (Blackman): The book and the film didn't get much of a play in these parts, so I wonder how many of APA-Filk's readers will recognize the reference to The Wicker Man in this cover.

The aforementioned Pagans were rather upset by the book and film. One of them responded with the comment "Christians 912, Pagans 1", referring to the actual slaughter at Jonestown and the fictional death of the hero of The Wicker Man.

Singspiel #16 (Blackman): When do we get to see "Poisoning Trekkies at the Con". (Though "Phasering Trekkies at the Con" might be more in the spirit of the thing.)

Hemidemisemiquaver #11 (Kare): Thanks for the "OTR" verse. For completeness's sake, I'll put it and the computerfilk "Old Real-Time Religion" verses in ANAKREON #20 in October.

Strum & Drang Vol. IV, #4 (Burwasser): There has recently come out of Germany, of all places, a recording of some of Spike Jones's best-known music, including "Der Fuehrer's Face".

The reply to "Hope Eyrie" was good, especially the reference to "red the dying sun". The "rising sun", the one surrounded with red rays, as distinguished from the plain red circle, is now again being seen as a Japanese symbol - in particular, a Japanese military symbol. Its original meaning was the sun rising and dominating over the Eurasian continent.

I'm not sure about space, but I'll bet fusion power first becomes feasible in Japan. They have virtually no energy resources at home, a good technological base, and a very strong incentive.

Share & Enjoy #4 (Glasser): Sometimes people ask me whether the small-town Midwest is really as Garrison Keillor describes it. I can assure them that every word of it is true.

#### THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE

First and foremost, where's Cleary? According to my financial records, someone named Cleary sent in postage money not long before the 13th Mailing went out. I sent him or her (for I can't even find the first name) the 13th, and eventually the 14th Mailing. But now I cannot find this person's address, so three Mailings have accumulated and I don't know where to send them. I vaguely recall that Cleary subscribed out of interest in the "Real Old-Time Religion" verses, but I can't locate him or her through Pagan sources either.

Anyone who sends me money for postage will get APA-Q as long as the money holds out, and an accounting will appear under this heading in most issues of ANAKREON. To find out your present balance, add any money you've sent in since the date of this apa, and subtract the postage on the envelope that brings you this, with another 4¢ for postage. Accounts that fall into arrears will be suspended.

If you don't have printing facilities, I can print your 'zine if you



send 1¢ per sheet per copy. Any copies you want, beyond the APA-Filk copy count of 50, can be mailed to you.

Cleary's first name has just surfaced in my records, but it's no help. It's Sean, a name which I have known (in various spellings) to be male and female. Following is the accounting for APA-Filk up through 30 January 1983:

Charlie Belov	+\$5.77	Harold Groot	+\$1.93
Mark Blackman	+\$12.06	Jordin Kare	+\$8.43
Sean Cleary	+\$16.94	Mark Richards	+\$1.57
Marc Glasser	+2¢		

The following people also receive APA-Q every three weeks, and their postage accounts are listed there:

Philip M. Cohen	Jim & Deirdre Rittenhouse
Dana Hudes	David E. Schwartz
Robert Byran Lipton	

The following accounts are in arrears: Harry Andruschak -14¢, Greg Baker -\$1.87, Dave Klapholz -62¢, Margaret Middleton -21¢, Dena Mussaf -87¢, Elliot Shorter -\$2.00, Dana Snow -15¢.

### THREE DEAD SANDINISTAS

This, like "We're Three Sandinistas" in Greg Baker's Qwxbl! in APA-Filk #14, is to the tune of "Three Caballeros" from a Walt Disney film of about 40 years ago, Saludos, Amigos. If it bears the marks of hasty composition, that's because it has recently been announced that the U. S. and Honduran armed forces are about to engage in joint maneuvers along the border of Nicaragua. If I held this thing for the next Mailing, three months from now, it would probably no longer be timely.

We're three Sandinistas,  
Three dead Sandinistas,  
We thought we could beat Tio Sammy,  
But first an invasion,  
And then occupation,  
Delivered our nation  
A real triple whammy!

CHORUS: So our revolution  
Was brought to conclusion,  
We cruised for a bruisein',  
We three Sandinistas.

The first Sandinista  
Said, "Here's a turista  
"Who's just coming over the border."  
But then a Honduran,  
Or somebody furrin'  
Took aim and then rendered  
His heart out of order.

CHORUS: So our revolution  
Was brought to conclusion.  
And so much confusion  
For three Sandinistas.

The next Sandinista  
Fell to a guardista  
Who asked him for some information.  
When they cut his nuts out,  
He then spilled his guts out.  
They skinned him and burned him,  
And now rule the nation.

CHORUS: So our revolution  
Was brought to conclusion,  
With shock and contusion  
For three Sandinistas.

The last Sandinista  
Said, "Imperialista,  
"You never shall rule Nicaragua!"  
But you can't get comic  
With weapons atomic,  
And there's a big hole  
Where there once stood Managua!

CHORUS: So our revolution  
Was brought to conclusion,  
A final solution  
For all Sandinistas.

And then, as with Greg's version, you repeat the first verse.  
Saludos, Amigos is a relatively little-known Disney film these days.

(continued on p. 8)



## ADAMS DON'T 'LOW... (continued from p. 1)

Adams don't 'low no hatchet-throwin' 'roun' here,  
 Adams don't 'low no hatchet-throwin' 'roun' here,  
 But I don't care what Adams don't 'low,  
 I'll throw my hatchet anyhow -

(Gee - wasn't that mirror supposed to be one  
 of the treasures???)

Adams don't 'low no brandy-drinkin' 'roun' here,  
 Adams don't 'low no brandy-drinkin' 'roun' here,  
 But I don't care what Adams don't 'low,  
 I'll wet my whistle anyhow -

(Wheee! Who wants to find a dirty ol'  
 treasure anyway...)

Adams don't 'low no yellow passes through here,  
 Adams don't 'low no yellow passes through here,  
 But I don't care what Adams don't 'low,  
 I'll show my yellow pass anyhow -

(How come my Geiger counter started to click  
 so fast all of a sudden...)

Adams don't 'low no bloody grimoires 'roun' here,  
 Adams don't 'low no bloody grimoires 'roun' here,  
 But I don't care what Adams don't 'low,  
 I'll try the magic words anyhow -

(How come all of a sudden I'm hanging upside  
 down over a snake pit?)

Adams don't 'low no oil-lamp rubbin' 'roun' here,  
 Adams don't 'low no oil-lamp rubbin' 'roun' here,  
 But I don't care what Adams don't 'low,  
 I'll call that genie anyhow -

(I never heard of a genie with the light  
 brown fangs...)

Adams don't 'low no sexy business 'roun' here,  
 Adams don't 'low no sexy business 'roun' here,  
 But I don't care what Adams don't 'low,  
 I'll grope that seeress anyhow -

(Hey - how did I know she's his wife -  
 who's that guy with the horns and pitchfork...)

Adams don't 'low no cave-bear baitin' 'roun' here,  
 Adams don't 'low no cave-bear baitin' 'roun' here,  
 But I don't care what Adams don't 'low,  
 That bear's all chained up anyhow -

(Oops - the staple broke - maybe I shouldn't  
 have left that honey in the pantry...)

Adams don't 'low no<sup>no</sup> mixin' chemicals here,  
 Adams don't 'low no mixin' chemicals here,  
 But I don't care what Adams don't 'low,  
 I'll add this acid anyhow -

(Tri-nitro-what? But this is a fantasy adventure!)

Adams don't 'low no graveyard diggin' 'roun' here,  
 Adams don't 'low no graveyard diggin' 'roun' here,  
 But I don't care what Adams don't 'low,  
 I'll loot this coffin anyhow -

(Funny - that's my name on the brass plate...)



## THREE DEAD SANDINISTAS (continued from p. 6)

It belongs to the, so to speak, "surreal" period of Disney, along with Fantasia and the dream sequence in Dumbo. It was an expression of a sudden concern that swept American policy-makers and intellectuals when the United States got into World War II. There was what turned out afterwards a preposterous panic about Axis infiltration into Latin America, so suddenly "Let's do something for Latin America!" became a great concern. Spanish courses went into high schools, "Pan American" became the In adjective, and half the dictators of Latin America began issuing praises of democracy. (The other half shut up and hedged their bets. The democracies we didn't have to worry about, for in those days, O Best Beloved, there were functioning electoral democracies in Uruguay, Chile, and Columbia - eheu fugaces.)

Saludos Amigos featured three birds: our own inimitable Donald Duck, a laid-back Brazilian parrot named Jose Carioca, and a fiery Mexican fighting cock named Panchito. (No Argentinians - the Argentine dictator, a wandering Irishman named Farrell, was supposed to be Hitler's best buddy on the continent.) Bit parts were played by a penguin from the Galapagos Islands and a Chilean condor.

Whether it did any good I don't know. But now, to judge from those joint maneuvers on the Nicaraguan border, the United States is never going to ignore Latin America again, much as some Latin Americans may wish it. So, here's "Three Dead Sandinistas", which, for all I know, may become the "Der Fuehrer's Face" of the Fourth Nicaraguan War.

(The others, for you history buffs, were 1910-1913, 1922-1924, and 1926-1933. So they can't say in Managua that they weren't warned.)

ANAKREON #17

John Boardman  
234 East 19th Street  
Brooklyn, New York 11226  
U. S. A.

F I R S T   C L A S S   M A I L

In this issue:  
CAN YOU FILK A NATIONAL  
ANTHEM? And if so,  
whose?



DOCTOR ORBIT VS. THE TROUBLE CLEF        F above middle C aka Still More Doctor Orbit Papers pages 9-10 is © 1983 Charles A. Belov aka Doctor Orbit aka The Official Charlie Belov aka The Good Doctor "O", 29 Crestwood Road, West Hartford, CT 06107 aka A Random House-----for APA-Filk

CITY OF NEW ORLEANS  
by Charlie "Doctor Orbit" Belov  
© 1982 Charles A. Belov  
inspired by James Blish's Cities in Flight

Tune: City of New Orleans  
by Steve Goodman  
as sung by Arlo Guthrie  
on the album Hobos Lullabye

Flying with the city of New Orleans;  
Spindizzy drive is hurling us through space  
With the hopes of our two million people:  
Fine examples / of the whole human race.



Headed out across the galaxy,  
Past Jupiter and Mercury  
And asteroids and out into the stars.  
Passing Scranton and D. C.;  
They are / pilgrims same as we  
And escaping from the earth and all of its scars.



Good morning, universe, how are you?  
I'm growing up to / be your spaceborne child.  
I'm the rock they call the city of New Orleans,  
And I'm headed out where the galaxy is wild.



Dealing supplies / with the traders / in their spaceships --  
The only way that/we can/get the news:  
How our relatives in Queens are doing;  
Where they've gone to escape Earthly blues.



And the young of politicians  
Any the young of everyone

*continued  
overleaf* →

Fly to space escaping what their parents wrought.

Flying to what / they don't know.

It's the only place to go

And they're headed there/without a second thought.

&

Good morning, universe, how are you?

I'm growing up to be your spaceborne child.

I'm the rock they call the city of New Orleans,

And I'm headed out where the galaxy is wild.

&&

Mardi gras: the festival New Orleans:

There's no tourists; / we still have a spree.

Halfway there / feeling space is home now.

Though it's dark around us, / points of light are all that we see.

&

And as the Earth-bound cities seem

To fade out like a bad dream,

And our new hopes / rising way up high,

We are making it with nerves of steel;

Our victory in space is real.

&

This rock is a world: / New Orleans high and dry.

Good morning, universe, how are you?

I'm growing up to be your spaceborne child.

I'm the rock they call the city of New Orleans,

And I'm headed out where the galaxy is wild.

Charlie "Doctor Orbit" Belov





# Filkers Do It 'Till Dawn

Verse 5, Part 1  
for APA-Filk #17

Harold Groot  
2285 Deborah Dr.#2  
Santa Clara, CA 95050

The reason for this being a short article is not the usual excuse of procrastination. I started work on some numbers a while ago. However, I am trying to put them together for Con-Chord in the form of a short musical, and they are far from complete. I do have one song for this. I am still tinkering with the music, but I am confident enough in the words to give them to you now. My problem with the music is that the tune Finnegan's Wake keeps trying to take over.

The Grace Notes section is almost non-existent. I liked Lee's song/discussion. Though I normally like Mark Glasser's stuff, this time..

Opened up my APA-Filk in search of something clever  
Share and Enjoy at the end, Mark Glasser's best endeavor  
Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue,  
Referenced an old song of his and now he's writing more  
I wish he'd stop...I wish he'd stop.

Mercury - Our First Steps

by Harold Groot

Tune: original

It seems like only yesterday, perhaps (at most) the day before,  
A child watched a TV set, and listened to the Redstone's roar.  
I watched each second of that flight, and never did I think to leave.  
Fifteen minutes - not so long, except when you forget to breath.

Freedom Seven in the sky, Sheppard rides the glory trail  
Soars a hundred miles high, starts the dream that must not fail.

A painted crack upon the side, Liberty Bell was next to fly,  
And once again the voices whispered, "Can't succeed until you try."  
A journey safe through upper reaches, parachutes are soon pulled free,  
But too soon escape bolts blow - inward flows the rushing sea.

Copter engines overheating, Grissom struggles with each wave.

Child's heart a hammer beating, "It's the man that you must save."

Then Friendship Seven lifted off, the third for project Mercury,  
Powered by an Atlas booster, Glenn would stay for orbits three.  
Others followed in their footsteps, soon the moon was walked upon.  
But to me, for sheer excitement, none matched Al and Gus and John.

Child's dream is lost and gone - I'm not needed on that team,  
But the vision still shines on - for a Man can also dream.

*Keep On Filking!  
Harold*